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THE OLD CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD OF KINGUSSIE (ST. COLUMBA'S.)

[BY ALEXANDER MACPHERSON.]

"Stop, Stranger, whosoe'er thou art,
And to thyself be just;
These mouldering tombs address thine heart—
Catch wisdom from the dust."

IN giving a few gleanings and traditions gathered from various sources—meagre as these unfortunately are—regarding the old Church and Churchyard of Kingussie, it may not be out of place, by way of introduction, to give a glimpse or two of the great Missionary Saint and Highland Apostle by whom, according to popular tradition, the Church was planted, and to whom it was dedicated.

In the very interesting Life of St. Columba, by the elder Dr. Norman Macleod—the large-hearted, Highlander-loving, Minister for so many years of St. Columba's Gaelic Church in Glasgow—it is related that Columba, with twelve of his favourite disciples, left Ireland 563 A.D. in a little *Curaeh*, built of wicker-work covered with hide, arriving on Whitsun-Eve in that year at the "lonely, beautiful, and soft-aired Iona," which subsequently remained his home down to the date of his death in 597 A.D. The Highlands—indeed the whole country north of the Forth and Clyde—were at that time, we are told, like a vast wilderness, without way or road through the thick, dark woods—the hills extensive and full of wild beasts. But in spite of all this Columba persevered.

During four-and-thirty years he never rested nor wearied in the work of founding churches and spreading the Gospel of Christ. In his day he established three hundred churches, besides founding one hundred monasteries, and, as he penetrated, in the course of his mission, so far north as Inverness, the probability undoubtedly is that the old Church of Kingussie was one of the number thus planted by him.

No traces remain of the buildings which he thus raised, but some particulars of their general character have come down to us. "There was an earthen rampart which enclosed all the settlement. There was a mill-stream, a kiln, a barn, a refectory. The church with its sacristy was of oak. The cells of the brethren were surrounded by walls of clay held together by wattles. Columba had his special cell in which he wrote and read: two brethren stationed at the door waited his orders. He slept on the bare ground with a stone for his pillow. The members of the community were bound by solemn vows. . . . Their dress was a white tunic, over which was worn a rough mantle and hood of wool left its natural colour. They were shod with sandals which they took off at meals. Their food was simple, consisting commonly of barley bread, milk, fish, and eggs." According to the evidence of Adamnan, his successor and biographer, the foundation of Columba's preaching and his great instrument in the conversion of the rude Highland people of that early time, was the Word of God. "No fact," says Dr. Macgregor of St. Cuthberts, "could be more significant or prophetic. It was the pure unadulterated religion of Jesus that was first offered to our forefathers, and broke in upon the gloom of our ancient forests. The first strong foundations of the Scottish Church were laid broad and deep where they rest to-day on the solid rock of Scripture. It was with *The Book* that Columba fought and won the battle with Paganism, Knox the battle with Popery, Melville the first battle of Presbytery with Episcopacy—the three great struggles which shaped the form and determined the fortunes of the Scottish Church."

The picture of the closing scene in the life of St Columba, on 9th June, 597, A.D., as given by Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews—the well-known "A.K.H.B."—in his eloquent lecture on "Early

Christian Scotland," is so beautiful and touching that I cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"On Sunday, June 2, he was celebrating the communion as usual when the face of the venerable man, as his eyes were raised to Heaven, suddenly appeared suffused with a ruddy glow. He had seen an angel hovering above the church and blessing it: an angel sent to bear away his soul. Columba knew that the next Saturday was to be his last. The day came and along with his attendant, Diormit, he went to bless the barn. He blest it, and two heaps of winnowed corn in it, saying thankfully that he rejoiced for his beloved monks, for that if he were obliged to depart from them, they would have provision enough for the year. His attendant said: 'This year at this time, father, thou often vexest us, by so frequently making mention of thy leaving us.' For like humbler folk, drawing near to the great change, St. Columba could not but allude to it, more or less directly. Then, having bound his attendant not to reveal to any before he should die what he now said, he went on to speak more freely of his departure. 'This day,' he said, 'in the Holy Scriptures is called the Sabbath, which means Rest. And this day is indeed a Sabbath to me, for it is the last day of my present laborious life, and on it I rest after the fatigues of my labours; and this night at midnight which commenceth the solemn Lord's Day, I shall go the way of our fathers.' For already my Lord Jesus Christ deigneth to invite me; and to Him in the middle of this night I shall depart at his invitation. For so it hath been revealed to me by the Lord Himself.'

"Diormit wept bitterly; and they two returned towards the Monastery. Halfway the aged Saint sat down to rest, at a spot afterwards marked with a cross; and while here a white pack-horse that used to carry the milk vessels from the cowshed to the Monastery, came to the Saint, and laying its head on his breast, began to shed human tears of distress. The good man, we are told, blest his humble fellow creature and bade it farewell. Then ascending the hill hardby, he looked upon the Monastery, and holding up both his hands, breathed his last benediction upon the place he had ruled so well; prophesying that Iona should be held in honour far and near. He went down to his little hut, and pushed on at his task of transcribing the Psalter. The last lines he wrote are very familiar in those of our churches where God's praise has its proper place: they contain the words of the beautiful anthem which begins 'O taste and see how gracious the Lord is.' He finished the page; he wrote the words with which the anthem ends: 'They that seek the Lord shall want no

manner of thing that is good,' and laying down his pen for the last time he said, 'Here at the end of the page I must stop; let Baithene write what comes after.'

"Having written the words, he went into the church to the last service of Saturday evening. When this was over, he returned to his chamber and lay down on his bed. It was a bare flag and his pillow was a stone, which was afterwards set up beside his grave. Lying here he gave his last counsels to his brethren, but only Diormit heard him. 'These, O my children, are the last words I say to you—that ye be at peace, and have unfeigned charity among yourselves; and, if then you follow the example of the holy fathers, God, the comforter of the good, will be your helper; and I, abiding with Him, will intercede for you; and He will not only give you sufficient to supply the wants of this present life, but will also bestow on you the good and eternal rewards which are laid up for those who keep His commandments.' The hour of his departure drew near, and the Saint was silent; but, when the bell rung at midnight, and the Lord's Day began, he rose hastily and hurried into the church, faster than any could follow him. He entered alone and knelt before the altar. His attendant, following, saw the whole church blaze with a heavenly light; others of the brethren saw it also; but as they entered the light vanished and the church was dark. When lights were brought, the Saint was lying before the altar. He was departing. The brethren burst into lamentations. Columba could not speak; but he looked eagerly to right and left, with a countenance of wonderful joy and gladness: seeing doubtless the shining ones that had come to bear him away. As well as he was able he moved his right hand in blessing on his brethren, and thus blessing them the wearied Saint passed to his rest. St. Columba was gone from Iona. . . . There is but one account of his wonderful voice—wonderful for power and sweetness. In church it did not sound louder than other voices, but it could be heard perfectly a mile away. Diormit heard its last words: the beautiful voice could not more worthily have ended its occupation—with kindly thought of those he was leaving; with earnest care for them; with simple promise to help them, if he could, where he was going; it was fit that good St. Columba should die."

To quote the beautiful lines of the late Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews, another warm-hearted friend, by-the-way, of the Highlands and the Highland people:—

"Centuries gone the Saint from Erin
Hither came on Christ's behest,
Taught and toiled, and when was ended
Life's long labour here found rest;

And all ages since have followed
To the ground his grave hath blessed."

Little or no reliable information regarding the old church of Kingussie earlier than the 12th century has come down to us. About the middle of that century, Muriach, the historical Parson of Kingussie, on the death of his brother without issue, became head of his family, and succeeded to the Chiefship of Clan Chattan. Obtaining a dispensation from the Pope of the time, he subsequently (about 1173) married a daughter of the Thane of Calder, by whom he had five sons, and surnames about this time having become hereditary, Mac-pherson—that is, "Son-of-the-Parson"—became the distinguishing clan appellation of his posterity. The village of Kingussie occupies the precincts of the ancient priory, built by George, Earl of Huntly, about the year 1490, on the site, it is believed, of the old church of St. Columba; and in course of the improvements recently made in the churchyard, a portion of one of the gables of the chapel of the Monastery was distinctly traced.

Mr. Sinton, the esteemed minister of Invergarry—so well known as a collector of the old folk-lore and songs of Badenoch—thus relates one of the most ancient traditions which has survived in Badenoch in connection with St. Columba:—

"St. Columba's fair—*Feill Challum-Chille*—was held at Midsummer, and to it resorted great numbers of people from the surrounding parishes, and some from distant towns, who went to dispose of their wares in exchange for the produce of the country. Once upon a time the plague or *Black Death*, which used to ravage Europe broke out among those who were assembled at *Feill Challum-Chille*. Now this fair was held partly within the precincts consecrated to St. Callum, and partly without, and so it happened that no one who had the good fortune to be within was affected by the plague, while among those without the sacred bounds it made terrible havoc. At the Reformation, a plank of bog-fir was fixed into St Columba's church from wall to wall, and and so divided the church. In the end which contained the altar the priest was allowed to officiate, while the Protestant preacher occupied the further extremity."

The example thus shown in such troublous times of the "unfeigned charity" so touchingly inculcated by the good St.

Columba with his dying breath more than a thousand years previously, reflects no little credit upon Badenoch, and it does not appear that the cause of the Reformation suffered in any way or was retarded in that wide district in consequence. "The sockets of the plank," adds Mr. Sinton, "were long pointed out in the remains of the masonry of the old church." Unfortunately, when part of the north wall of the churchyard was repaired, nearly thirty years ago, these remains appear to have been incorporated with the wall and almost entirely obliterated.

Here are some further reminiscences received from Mr. Macrae, the Procurator-Fiscal at Kirkwall, like Mr. Sinton, a worthy and much-respected native of Badenoch:—

"One of my earliest—indeed, I may say, my earliest—recollection," says Mr. Macrae, "is connected with this churchyard. I remember one hot summer Sabbath afternoon—it must, I think, have been in the year 1845—sitting with my father upon a tombstone in the churchyard listening, along with a crowd of others, to a minister preaching from a tent. I cannot say who the minister was, but I was at the time much impressed with his earnestness, and with what, on reflection, I must now think was a most unusual command of Gaelic language and Gaelic idioms. In one of his most earnest and eloquent periods he, and the large congregation listening to him, were startled by seeing the head of a stag looking down over the dyke separating the churchyard from the hill road which was used as a peat road, and which used to be the short cut by pedestrians to Inverness. The stag was tossing his head about, evidently bellicose. The bulk of the congregation were from the uplands of the parish—Strone, Newtonmore, Glenbancher, etc., and they, by their movements, recognised the stag as a young stag that the worthy and much-respected occupants of Ballachroan attempted to domesticate. They were not in this attempt more successful than others, for the stag's great amusement was to watch, from the uplands, persons passing along the public road, and then giving them, especially if they were females, a hot chase. That Sabbath he had, as I subsequently learned, been in the west Kingussie Moss amusing himself by overturning erections of peat set up to dry. Those of the congregation who knew his dangerous propensities became very uneasy, and, in consequence, the service was interrupted, but some of those present managed to get him away, after which the service was proceeded with.

"I used to be very often in the churchyard. It had a great attraction for all the youths in the west end of Kingussie. The

ruins of the old church engrossed our attention next to witnessing funerals. The walls of the church were, when I first remember them, more perfect than they are at present. The church consisted of a nave rectangular without a chancel. The east and south walls were almost perfect. The west gable was away. The stones of the north wall were partially removed and used for repairing the north dyke of the churchyard. There were traces of windows in the south wall, but whether these windows were round, pointed, or square could not be inferred from the state of the walls.

"In the remains of the north wall there was, about two yards, I should say, westward from the east gable, an aperture with a circular arch, which interested us boys at the time very much. It was about eighteen inches in length, twelve in height, and five in depth. We had many discussions in regard to it, some of us contending that it was a receptacle for the Bible, others that it was a canopy for a cross or an image, but it undoubtedly was a *piscina* where the consecrated vessels, paten, chalice, etc., used in celebrating mass, were kept when not used during the celebration. The *piscina* is generally in the south gable, and has a pipe for receiving the water used in cleaning the sacred vessels. I will be able to show you a perfect *piscina* in one of the side chapels of St. Magnus Cathedral when you are next here. It was, however, not unusual in northern or cisalpine churches, especially in those of an early date, to have the *piscina* in the north gable without a pipe. You may depend upon it that the church was of a very early date, probably of the earliest type of Latin Rural Church architecture in Scotland. It may have been built upon the site of an earlier Celtic church. You might probably ascertain this by directing the workmen you have employed in putting the churchyard in order to dig about five feet inwards from the eastern gable. If they should find there any remains of the foundations of a cross gable between the north and south gables, you may safely conclude that there was a Celtic church there, and that the Christian religion was taught in Badenoch before the close of the tenth century."

For a period of fully seventy years now there have been *three* churchyards in the village of Kingussie, namely, "St. Columba's," "The Middle Churchyard," and "The New Churchyard"—the first interment in the new one having taken place in 1815. Except in the case of the latter, there is no obligation incumbent upon the Heritors of the parish to keep the churchyards in repair, and even as regards the new one the obligation extends simply to the maintenance of the walls surrounding it. As regards the other

two, which are now but seldom used, the force of the old adage—"What is everybody's business is nobody's"—has, alas! as in the case of many other interesting old churchyards throughout the Highlands, been sadly exemplified. Up till within the last two or three years the venerable churchyard of St. Columba—where for a period extending over fully seven hundred years, so many generations of Macphersons, *Clann Mhuirich Bhàideanaich*, have been laid to rest with their kindred dust—was anything but creditably kept. Its surface was so irregular and many of the tombstones and mounds were so placed or raised above the ground as to render it almost impossible to cut the grass or remove the weeds. The whole ground was in consequence a tangled mass of long grass, rank nettles, and docks. The walls had also been allowed to fall into a sad state of disrepair, and altogether the condition of the churchyard was felt to be so very discreditable that about three years ago the following appeal was prepared and widely circulated:—

"CLADH CHALLUM CHILLE"

"ST. COLUMBA'S CHURCHYARD, KINGUSSIE."

"The stone wall or dyke enclosing this interesting and venerable Place of Burial having become dilapidated, it is proposed to collect by general subscription a sum of money sufficient to put it in good order and repair, and thereby guard the sacred precincts from possible desecration. An estimate has been received for the partial rebuilding and thorough repair of the dyke, and this expense, along with that of other contemplated permanent improvements, which would add greatly to the appearance of the place and the amenity of the neighbourhood, will, it is calculated, cost altogether from £40 to £50. It is confidently anticipated that the sum required for so commendable an object will be readily subscribed in honour of the Dead who lie buried there; in honour of the hallowed site of the old church of Kingussie, a place of worship of remote antiquity, one of the most ancient north of the Grampians, planted, it is believed, by St. Columba himself, to whom the church was dedicated; and in honour of the "Parson" of that church, from whom the Macphersons of the Macpherson country derive the name which they now bear. Subscriptions will be received and duly acknowledged by Mr. A. Macpherson, British Linen Bank, Kingussie."

The response to that appeal has been so far very gratifying, the contributions already received amounting to close upon £50.

Besides subscriptions from residents in the place, ranging from 1s. to 21s., the list includes contributions from the late Cluny Macpherson; Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart.; Mr. Baillie of Kingussie; Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim; Mr. Brewster Macpherson of Belleville; Mr. Allan Macpherson of Blairgowrie; Mrs. Macpherson, Waitui, New Zealand; Mr. Donald D. Macpherson, Manchester; Mr. John Macpherson, Craigdhu, Crieff; the Rev. Eneas Macpherson, Larbert; Mr. James Macpherson, Edinburgh; Mr. G. R. Mackenzie, president of the Singer Manufacturing Company, New York; Mr. John K. Macdonald, and other natives of Badenoch, in the employment of that Company in Glasgow; Mr. Donald King, London; Mrs. Cumming, America; Mr. Hugh Bannerman, Southport; Dr. Murray, Forres; Mr. David Whyte, Glasgow; etc., etc. Not the least gratifying circumstance in connection with the appeal is the fact that through the kind exertions of Miss Macpherson of The Willows, Kingston (whose grandfather, Captain Clark of Dalnavert, a nephew of the translator of Ossian's poems, is interred in St. Columba's), subscriptions to the extent of several pounds have been received from Canada. The Canadian list of subscriptions includes such distinguished and well-known names as Sir John Macdonald, G.C.B., the Prime Minister of Canada (whose deceased wife was a daughter of Captain Clark of Dalnavert); Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.S.; Mr. Hugh J. Macdonald, Winnipeg; Mr. A. M. Macpherson, Kingston; Lieut.-Colonel John Macpherson, Ottawa; and Mrs. Macpherson of The Willows, Kingston.

The result of the response already made to the appeal referred to is that not only, with a total expenditure of about £53, have the walls been partially rebuilt and thoroughly repaired, but that the churchyard itself has been all neatly laid out in terraces in conformity with the original formation of the ground, and the tombstones and graves in each terrace all reverently placed on a uniform level. The work is now so far finished that all who have recently seen the place acknowledge that a great improvement has been effected. Altogether, it is extremely gratifying to be able to state that the old churchyard of St. Columba has been rendered more worthy of the honoured name it bears, and of the

care due to it as the hallowed resting-place, for so many centuries, of all that is mortal of the old people of Badenoch. There is not, it is safe to say, one living Badenoch-Macpherson, or descendant of the famous "Parson" of Kingussie, all the world over, some of whose forbears do not sleep their "long last sleep" in the old churchyard of St. Columba. As with pensive thoughts, in the quiet Autumn-twilight, we survey their "mouldering tombs," we seem to hear long-silent voices plaintively speaking to us in the tender wailing strains of the Gaelic *Coronach*—so inexpressibly touching to all Highlanders—which, in our comparatively cold Saxon everyday tongue, may thus be feebly rendered :—

"Return, return, return, we'll never.
In War or in Peace, return, we'll never.
Nor Love nor Gold can recall us thither,
Till dawns the Great Day to unite us for ever."

Hearty thanks are due to Cluny Macpherson and Mr. Macpherson of Belleville for their kindness in supplying ivy and other plants for the churchyard, and to Mrs. Duncan Cameron, Kingussie, who not only subscribed to the Improvement Fund, but exerted herself so successfully in obtaining contributions from others. Similar thanks are also due to Mr. Roberts, C.E., who generously prepared the specifications for the work, and to Mr. George Macdonald for many kind services rendered in connection with the improvements. If a further sum of about £20 were subscribed—and let me express the earnest hope that such an amount will soon be forthcoming—this would not only clear off the present balance of about £5 against the Fund, but also meet the cost of the additional operations suggested by Mr. Macrae, Kirkwall, and of placing a small marble tablet, with a suitable inscription, in what remains of the wall of the old church. The minister of Invergarry has already kindly sent me a contribution of 20s. towards meeting the cost of the proposed tablet.

In a future paper I propose giving transcripts of the inscriptions on the many interesting tombstones in the churchyard, with descriptive notes, to be followed, as opportunity occurs, by similar papers on the other two churchyards in Kingussie, with which, as well as with St. Columba's, the history of the parish is so closely identified.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.]

THE MACLEODS OF LEWIS.

(Continued.)

HAVING completed the history of the Macleods of Lewis so far as that can be done at present from authentic historical sources, we now proceed, as promised, to give the account of Old Rory's life and the extinction of his line, from the "Ancient" manuscript history of the Mackenzies. Having given a full description of Lord Kenneth Mackenzie's long-continued quarrels with, and final victory over, the family of Glengarry in connection with the lands of Lochcarron and Castle of Strome, the author of this, the oldest known manuscript history of the Mackenzies in existence, says— "This Lord Kenneth was no sooner free of Glengarry's troubles, but he fell in the next in conquering the Lewis. But, for the reader's better understanding how the Lewis came to this Lord Kintail and his successors (whose rights thereto are always misrepresented by such as are alive of Macleod of Lewis's race, commonly called Siol Torquil, and the envious neighbouring clans), therefore I resolved to set down here all the circumstances of it and all the mischances that befel that family, as I was certainly informed, not only by some of that clan, but by several others who were eye-witnesses to their fatal fortune." The author having described the elopement of Old Rory's first wife with MacGillechallum of Raasay, the massacre of the Macleods of Gairloch and Raasay at Island Islay by Rory Nimhneach Macleod, and the sea battle in front of Raasay House, in which Alexander Mackenzie, younger of Gairloch, Macleod of Raasay, and many of their followers lost their lives, proceeds with his narrative of what followed. All the change we make on the original is to modernise the spelling. He says:—

Rory Macleod of Lewis after that Mackenzie's daughter was ravished from him by his kinsman (as I told) he took to wife Maclean's daughter. She was mother to Torquil Dubh Macleod and to Norman Macleod; he had also several bastards, such as Norman Uigeach, Murdo, Donald, Neil, and Rory Og, and he

and they became such outlaws and oppressors that there was few or no ships in the Lewis but they seized on and took them all as free gear to himself. This wronged so many of the inhabitants of the coast side of Fife that they used diligence of law against him and his. His eldest son, Torquil Oighre, gotten with the Lord Methven's daughter, sailing from the Lewis to Troternish with three score young men in company were all drowned. After his death, his second son, Torquil Cononach, gotten with Mackenzie's daughter in marriage, who was during his oldest brother's lifetime Laird of Coigeach, sought to be heir, but his father would not, but must needs have Torquil Dubh, gotten with Maclean's daughter, to be his heir, so that there fell out many debates betwixt them, and after debates there were several skirmishes betwixt the father and the son, two of the bastards, Norman Uigeach and Murdo, taking part with Torquil Cononach. Donald, Rory, and Neil took part with their father.

Shortly after it fell out that Donald killed Norman Uigeach, which occasioned Torquil Cononach, being assisted by his brother Murdo, to take Donald prisoner with him to Coigeach, which incensed his father the more against him. Donald, making his escape from Coigeach, came to his father Rory, who caused Donald presently apprehend his brother Murdo, which he did and carried him prisoner to Stornoway, where his father was. They moved Torquil Cononach to go to the Lewis, where he invaded the castle of Stornoway, and, after a short siege, took it and relieved his brother Murdo. Withal he apprehended his father and killed several of his followers. He took also all the writs and evidents they had of the Lewis, sent for his son, John Macleod (a brave young gentleman who was in the Marquis of Huntly's Court all this time shunning his father's and grandfather's debates), gave him the castle of Stornoway and the command of all the Lewis.

This John humoured his grandfather so well that they lived together, and being in peaceable possession of all the Lewis, and acknowledged as master, he went about to banish his bastard uncles, Donald and Rory, from possessing any part thereof, which they understanding plotted his death, and to that effect connives with one ill race of people who lived there called Clan Illoyhenan. When Rory Donald, and this clan had agreed, they came to a

water loch, a little towards the hill from Stornoway, where they saw seven ambushes betwixt the loch and the town, and sent one of their company to the castle to tell John that there were seven swans on that loch under a good advantage. The innocent gentleman, being desirous of sport (notwithstanding that his grandfather dissuaded him, and still told him that there was never a swan seen on that loch, and told him that he feared a plot), his destiny drawing near, he would not stay but went his way, accompanied with two Kinlochewe men only, whom he kept still in his company, and the traitor that led him by all the ambushes to the loch side. No sooner was he come there but the first ambush broke out, which he perceiving took to his heels, and runs back towards the castle. The second raised the third, fourth, fifth, and all of them (as he ran by) still shooting arrows. They killed his two men, but for all they could do he won the castle, and several arrows in him, whereof he immediately died, to the great misfortune of all his friends, and the utter ruin of that whole family.

We may remark here the fruits of fornication and adultery which was (as they say) the predominate sin of that family, and how providence ordered these fruits to be their only ruin (and not the hand of man), and brought upon them all the disasters, distractions, and all the murders that ever was amongst them, notwithstanding of the fabulous and envious reports which is still pretended, yea confirmed, by ill-set neighbours. But I will not insist on this shame, which was ever in that family (as the report goes), though the judgment fell in this misfortunate man's time, but I pray God it may not follow these (who have in any manner of way) descended of them.

Shortly after this his father, Torquil Cononach, apprehends (one of the murderers) his bastard brother, Donald, and caused execute him at Dingwall, in Ross. The writs and evidents that this Torquil brought out of the Lewis he gave the custody of them to Mackenzie, and withal tailzied the estate to him in case of no heirs male.

After the foresaid John's death, old Rory, by the persuasion of others (as was said), fell in his old disaffection, and would not acknowledge Torquil Cononach to be his heir; but would give

the estate to Torquil Dubh, gotten with Maclean's daughter, who was now come to perfect age, and began to rule the estate with his father. But Torquil Cononach daily skirmished with them, being assisted by as many as pleased to follow him from the incountries. My lord Kintail, of whom he expected help (as was said), was at that time in war with Glengarry. In the meantime there fell out a discord betwixt Torquil Dubh and Rory Og, the bastard (the other of John's murderers). He apprehends him and sends him prisoner to his uncle Maclean; but making his escape (being in winter) he perished in snow and storm, leaving behind him three sons, Malcolm that killed John Mac Mhurchaidh Mhic Uilleam—a gentleman of the Clan Mhurchaidh that lived in Rainish, in the Lewis; after that he killed John Mac Domh'uill Phiopaire, my lord Kintail's piper. Afterwards he went to Germany, but, hearing Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine was there, he returned to Ireland where he died. His two other brothers, William and Rory, were taken afterwards by the Tutor of Kintail, and were executed as rebels.

Torquil Cononach and Torquil Dubh having their several factions, the one plotting the other's destruction, so that it fell out that the Brieve (that is to say Judge) in the Lewis who was chief of the Clan 'Illelmoire there, being sailing from the Isle of Lewis to the Isle of Rona, in a great galley, met with a Dutch ship, loaded with wine, which he took, and advising with his friends (who were all with him there) what he would do with the ship lest Torquil Dubh should take her from him, they resolved to return to Stornoway and call for Torquil Dubh to receive the wine, and if he came to the ship, to sail away with him where Torquil Cononach was, and then they might be sure of the ship and the wine to be their own; and, besides, he would grant them tacks in the best "roums" in Lewis; which accordingly they did, and call for Torquil to come and receive the wine. Torquil Dubh, nowise mistrusting them that were formerly so obedient, entered the ship, with seven others in company, when he was welcomed, and he commended them as good fellows that brought him such a prize. They invite him to the cabin to take his pleasure of the toast of their wine; he goes, but instead of wine they brought cords to tie him, telling him he best to render himself and his

wrongly possessed estate to his older brother ; that they resolved to put him in his mercy, which he was forced to yield to ; so they presently sail for Coigeach and delivered him to his brother, whom he had no sooner got but he made him short by the head, in the month of July, 1597. Immediately as he was beheaded there arose a great earthquake which astonished the actors and all the inhabitants about them, as a sign of God's judgment.

When the rumour of this unnatural murder was divulged everywhere, then all the chief heads of the neighbouring clans (that were anyways related to Torquil Dubh, such as Macleod of Harris, Maclean, Macdonald, The Captain of Clanranald, and Mac Dhomh'uill Duibh, met in the Isle of Skye to consult about the affair, where it was thought that Torquil Cononach would not take away his brother's head were it not my Lord Kintail's persuasion ; whereupon they resolved to join unanimously together, and ruin them both, and to begin on my Lord Kintail ; but he, hearing this resolution of theirs, being a man of undaunted spirit, did not value much their brag, but being advised by his friends and some well-wishers, he caused apprehend Norman Macleod, brother to Torquil Dubh, and kept him honourably as a pledge and as an overband against his friends' resolution. Withal he sent out a strong watch to guard the borders of his countries privately, who met with twenty men—the connivers sent for a heirschip to breed the quarrel. The watch having met them in Strathloynie put them all to the sword. The connivers finding this to be the first fruits of their undertaking, and that he had apprehended Norman, thought there was no dealing with him, and that he would ruin them all with diligence and power. But some were of thought (as was said) they had followed their project, but that Maclean, though he was nearest related to Torquil Dubh, had a reluctance to enter in blood with him ; whereupon fearing the worst they broke their unity.

In the meantime the Brieve and his followers were hated of all men by reason of his treachery and breach of faith to Torquil Dubh. He finding himself thus hated took himself to the parish of Ness, in the Lewis, which he was forced to leave also by reason of Neil Macleod's pursuit, who killed several of his followers and leaders. At last John Mac Dhomh'uill Mhic Uistean met with

him in the country of Assynt, killed himself and six of his followers. In revenge hereof one Gillecillum Mor went in search of John Mac Dhomh'uill Mhic Uistean, but John, by good fortune, takes him in Coigeach, and brought him to the Lewis, where they made him short by the head.

About this time the Barons and gentlemen in Fife, hearing of the troubles and miseries which were in the Lewis, were enticed by persuasion of some who had come from there of late, who gave them a full account thereof. They being desirous to take any opportunity whereby they might redress their losses, besides the account they had of the fertility of the island, so, having the laws against Rory Macleod of Lewis and all his followers, they went where the King was and got a right of the Lewis from him, in the year 1598, being then at the King's disposal, all of them being denounced rebels, and they undertook to His Majesty (a hard task in those days) to civilise the island and to plant a colony there, which proved a loss to them, for instead of that they broke themselves and their interests, as you shall see.

The adventurers (for so must we call them) having met in Fife, where they gathered a company of soldiers and officers of all sorts, and such other things as they thought necessary for a plantation, so, transporting themselves to the Lewis, they built houses and "skonses" about Stornoway. In end they made a bonny village of it.

Neil Macleod and Murdo Macleod (the bastards) remain now only in that island of the family of Clan Torquil, which two gainstood the undertakers. Murdo Macleod apprehends the laird of Balcolmly together with his ship, killed all his men, and detained himself prisoner four months; but, on promise of a ransom, he released him. Balcolmly dying in his return homewards to Fife, Murdo was disappointed of the ransom.

About the same time Neil fell out with his brother Murdo for owning the Clan 'Illemhoire, so that Neil apprehended Murdo, with divers of this clan, whom he put to death, and kept his brother Murdo alive.

The adventurers hearing that Neil apprehended Murdo, sends him a message that if he would deliver them his brother Murdo, they would agree with himself and give him a portion in the

Lewis, and also assist him in revenging his brother Torquil Dubh's murder; whereunto he hearkened and gave them his brother Murdo, whom they presently sent to St. Andrews, and beheaded him.

After this, Neil went with them to Edinburgh and got his pardon, and went back with them to the Lewis; but shortly after he fell at variance with them for some injury Sir James Spence of Ormistoun offered to him, whereupon he left them. Then they began to lay snares for him, the laird of Ormistoun having sent a party in a dark night to apprehend him. Neil being guarded thereof, sees them coming, falls upon them unexpectedly, kills threescore of them, chased the rest till they were rescued from the town.

The Lord Kintail, considering that the Lewis was like to pass from Torquil Cononach, and altogether from the right line, commiserating the clan Torquil's condition, he sets Norman Macleod (after he kept him at school), Torquil Dubh's brother, gotten with Maclean's daughter, at liberty, to do for himself. No sooner was Norman arrived in the Lewis, but Neil Macleod, Donald Dubh MacRory, and their adherents, with the inhabitants, came to him and acknowledged him their lord and master. So Norman invades the adventurers, burns their Fort, kills the most of their men, and took their commanders prisoners, keeps them four months; but upon promise they should never come again to the Lewis, and that they would procure him and his followers a pardon from His Majesty of all their by-gone offences, he inconsiderately lets them all go.

Thus, Norman for a while possessed the Lewis, during which time John MacDhomh'uill Mhic Uistean that killed the Brieve apprehends Torquil Cononach, carried him prisoner to his younger brother, Norman, to the Lewis, who desired him to give up the writs and evidents he took from his father, Rory. Torquil said that he had given them in custody to my Lord Kintail. Norman, considering that these evidents were in Mackenzie's hands, he released his brother on conditions he would never claim any right to the Lewis, but to have Coigeach to himself and successors as his proportion of his father's estate. The releasing of Torquil was far against Neil and his adherents' advice, who would have

him to be executed, as he did his former brother ; but Norman said he would not enter in his own blood, nor had he will to disoblige the Mackenzies, who had their rights in their hands, and that he knew they were not well pleased with him for that unnatural murder (whose revenge he would refer to God), and although he was a prisoner with them on several accounts, that they gave him breeding as one of their own, and, when they were all like to lose their interest through their own miscarriage, they let him go to act for himself in their greatest straits.

In the meantime, my Lord Kintail (by the grievances of the adventurers) was put in question by the King, His Majesty being informed by them that the Lord Kintail was their only crosser, and to that effect he let Norman loose to undo their designs, for which my Lord Kintail was put in prison at Edinburgh, and thereafter to his trial, from which he escaped, the King being informed that it was the Undertakers' own negligence and mismanagement that wronged them, and nothing else.

Whereupon the adventurers (contrary to their promise) turn again to the Lewis, and by virtue of the King's Commission were assisted with forces from the neighbouring countries against Norman and his followers. How soon the adjoining forces, with the adventurers, were landed in the Lewis they sent message to Norman that if he would yield to them in the King's name that they would (on their own charges) freely transport him to London, where the King was, and obtain him his pardon ; and, not only that, but deal for the King's favour and procure some livelihood for him, whereupon he might live in peace. Norman condescends hereto against the opinion of Neil and all his well-wishers, who stood out, and would not yield. So the adventurers send Norman to London, where he caused His Majesty be informed how the Lewis was the inheritance of his predecessors, that His Majesty was sinisterously informed by the adventurers, who made His Majesty believe that he might legally dispose of it, whereupon proceeded much unnecessary trouble and bloodshed, therefore humbly begged His Majesty to do him justice in restoring him to his own in peace, which the King was like to do ; but the adventurers understanding that the King began to give hearing to Norman's complaints, they used all their "moyan" and industry to

cross him. In end (some of them being the King's domestic servants) prevailed so far as to cause apprehend him and send him prisoner to Scotland, where he remained at Edinburgh till the year 1608, when the King gave him liberty to pass to Holland, to Maurice, Prince of Orange, where he ended his days.

The adventurers having got Norman out of their way, they settled again in the Lewis; but they had not stayed long there when divers of them began to weary. Some of them drawing back from the enterprise, others were not able for lack of money to hold out, having both broken their credit and interest; many of them also dying in that plantation; some having other business to abstract them, and always daily vexed by Neil's skirmishes; in end all of them gave over, left the Lewis, and retired to Fife.

My Lord Kintail finding that the right line male of the Siol Torquil were now all gone, and that the adventurers also failed in their enterprise to the Lewis, he, by virtue of the fore-mentioned tailzie granted to him by Torquil Cononach, passed a gift of it to his Lady, under the King's seal. But how soon the Undertakers understood this, some of them went and complained to the King (though they were not able to manage it for themselves); they incensed him against my Lord Kintail, and made him resign that right in His Majesty's hand by means of my Lord Balmerino, then Secretary for Scotland, and President of the Session, which right, being now at His Majesty's disposal, he gave the same to three persons, to wit, this Lord Balmerino, Sir George Hay (afterwards Chancellor of Scotland) and to Sir James Spence of Ormistoun, who, having now the right of the Lewis in their persons, they undertook the planting of it, whereunto they made great preparations, being, by order of His Majesty, assisted by all the neighbouring clans, the order being especially for the Mackenzies (they being the marrers of the former adventurers), so that my Lord Kintail was forced to send 400 men to their assistance, under the command of Sir Rory Mackenzie, afterwards Tutor of Kintail, and Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, to plant a garrison there, and to apprehend Neil if possible. But Neil, seeing such preparations, withdrew himself and kept him secret till better opportunity. The Undertakers, being fallen short of provision for so great an army, in end, they were forced to dismiss the neigh-

bouring clans. Sir George Hay and Ormistoun returned to Fife, leaving a garrison in Stornoway to keep the fort till they would send a supply of men and victuals. But no sooner were they gone but Neil and Gillecillum Mor MacRory, his nephew, with some others of the inhabitants, burnt the fort, killed several of them, and apprehended the rest, whom they let go upon their oath that they would never come on that pretence again, which they never did; nor could the Adventurers get any thereafter on any account ever to come and conquer the Lewis. So the Lord Balmerino, Sir George Hay, and Sir James Spence, finding they were not able to manage the affair, and could not get men to follow them, they sent for my Lord Kintail, and (as God would have it, whom they put from his former right) sold to him their own right and title thereof, with the forfeitry of Troternish and Waternish, for a sum of money, wherein they took the woods of Letterewe in part payment, so that Providence ordered the Lewis this way, contrary all such as did strive to cross him, so that notwithstanding of his neighbours' malicious and various reports, this is the whole progress of his attaining to the Lewis.*

[ON the extinction of the male line of the Macleods of Lewis, the representation devolved upon the Macleods of Raasay. We shall therefore begin an account of them—the “Sìol Mhic Gillecillum” of Raasay and Gairloch—in our next. In the meantime, Mr. Mackenzie will be glad to hear and receive any particulars—historical or genealogical—from any descendants of that family now living.]

* From the “Ancient” Manuscript History of the Mackenzies, written in the seventeenth century.

THE HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

II.—THE STORY OF DEIRDRE.

THE story of Deirdre is the third of what is called the "Three Sorrowful Tales of Erin." The first two belong to the mythological cycle, and of these the best known one is that entitled "The Fate of the Children of Lir." Lir was a prince of the Tuatha-de-danann, whose children were enchanted by their step-mother and became swans, suffering untold woes for ages, until their spells were broken at the advent of Christianity. The other sorrowful tale concerned "The Fate of the Children of Turenn," whom Luga, prince of the Tuatha-dè, the sun god probably, persecuted and made to undergo a miraculous series of tasks and trials to avenge the death of his father. Neither of these stories is known in the Highlands, nor, indeed, as was already said, is any portion of the mythological cycle known among the Scottish Gael. The earliest portion known in the Highlands of the old Irish-Scottish mythology and hero literature is the story of Deirdre, with which we accordingly commence. As mentioned already, the following version is translated from the Gaelic of Mr. Carmichael, who took it down in Barra twenty years ago from the recitation of John Macneill, a crofter there, aged eighty-three years at the time.

DEIRDRE.

There was a man in Ireland once who was called Colum Cruiteir [Malcolm Harper]. The man was a right good man and he had a goodly share of this world's goods. He had a wife, but no family. The husband and wife had come to a good old age, so that they had no hope of any children at all. What did Colum Cruiteir hear but that a *fiosaiche* (soothsayer or *wise* man) had come home to the place, and as the man was a right good man, he wished that the *fiosaiche* might come near them. Whether it was that he was invited or that he came of himself, the *fiosaiche* came to the house of Colum Cruiteir. "Are you doing any soothsaying?" says Colum Cruiteir. "Yes, I am doing a little. Are you in need of soothsaying?" "Well, I do not mind taking soothsaying from you, if you had soothsaying for me, and you

would be willing to do it." "Well, I will do soothsaying for you. What kind of soothsaying do you want?" "Well, the soothsaying I wanted was that you would tell me my lot or what will happen to me, if you can give me knowledge of it." "Well, I am going out, and when I return, I will ask you a question." And the fiosaiche went forth out of the house and he was not long outside when he returned in. "Had you ever any of a family?" said the fiosaiche. "Well, no," said Colum Cruiteir, "I never had any children, nor had the wife that I have, and I have no hope that we shall ever have any. I have only myself and my wife." "Well," said the fiosaiche, "that does make me wonder. I am seeing in my *dailgneachd* that it is on account of a daughter of yours that the greatest amount of blood shall be shed that has ever been shed in Erin since time and race began. And the three most famous heroes that ever were found will lose their heads on her account." "Is that the soothsaying you are making for me?" said Colum Cruiteir in wrath, thinking that the fiosaiche was mocking him. "Well, it is," said the fiosaiche. "Well, if that is the soothsaying you are making for me you may keep it to yourself. You are not much worth yourself or your soothsaying, and do you be taking another road." "Well," said the soothsayer, "I can fully assure you of its truth. I see it very definitely in my own mind." "Well," said Colum Cruiteir, "that cannot come to pass. My wife and I are of great age, so that it is not possible that we can have any children ever more. I do not condemn your soothsaying. I have no right to it. But this I am sure of, that my wife and I never had and never shall have any children till doomsday. That will do. More I will not inquire nor have, since you have done senseless soothsaying." And Colum Cruiteir let the fiosaiche away, whether he gave or gave him not a fee.

The fiosaiche went away, but that is not what is to tell. The soothsayer was not long away when Colum Cruiteir's wife became pregnant! And as she was increasing in size he was increasing in sorrow, vexed and grieved at himself that he had not had more conversation with the soothsayer when he was speaking to him. A smouldering care by day and gnawing solicitude by night came on Colum Cruiteir, thinking that he was himself but a man with-

out shift or sense, without any near friend, and without any support to fall back on against the world, and what if this blaze of disaster should come upon him, a thing that was now likely, and he himself so much against it at first! He now came to believe that everything would come to pass as the soothsayer saw in his *dailgneachd*, and he was in vexation and trouble. He did not know what plan in all creation he could adopt so as to ward off this shedding of blood from the land. And the thought that came into his mind was that, if the King of the Elements sent this child into the world to live, as it was likely that He would, he must send her far away where eye might not see sight of her nor ear hear tattle of her.

The time of her delivery drew near on Colum Cruiteir's wife, and she was brought to bed. It was a daughter that was born. Colum Cruiteir did not allow a living being to come to his house to give reproach to his wife, only himself and the mid-wife. Colum Cruiteir put a question to this woman, would she herself take the venture of bringing up the child to keep her in hiding far away where eye would not see a sight of her nor ear hear a word about her. The woman said she would, and that she would do the best diligence she could.

Colum Cruiteir got three men, and he took them away to a large mountain, distant and far from reach, without the knowledge or notice of any one. He caused there a hillock, round and green, to be dug out of the middle, and the hole thus made to be covered carefully over so that a little company could dwell there together. This was done.

Colum Cruiteir sent the nurse with the child away to the little bothy mid the hills that were large, wild, waste, and far from reach, where no eye might see sight, nor ear hear word of Deirdre, for that was the name of the child. He put everything in good order before them, and placed with them food for a year and a day. And he told the nurse that food would be sent again at the year's end, and so on from year to year as long as she lived.

And so it happened. Deirdre and her foster-mother dwelt in the bothy mid the hills without the knowledge or the suspicion of any living person about them or anything that occurred, until Deirdre was fourteen years of age. Deirdre grew like the white

sapling, straight and trim as the rash on the moss. She was beyond comparison of earthly people shapely in her person, comely in her beauty, and her hue and her action were as the swan on the wave and the hind on the hill. She was the creature (drop of blood) of fairest form, of loveliest aspect, and of gentlest nature that existed between earth and heaven in all Ireland—whatever colour of hue she had before that, there was nobody that looked into her face but she would blush fiery red over it.

The woman that had charge of her was giving to Deirdre every information and skill of which she herself had knowledge and skill. There was not a blade of grass growing from root, nor a bird singing in the wood, nor a star shining from heaven but Deirdre had a name for it. But one thing, she did not wish her to have either part or parley with any living individual of the rest of the world. But on a gloomy winter night, with black, scowling clouds, a hunter of game was wearily travelling the hills, and what happened but that he missed the trail of the hunt, and lost his course and companions. A drowsiness came upon the man as he wearily wandered over the hills, and he lay down by the side of the beautiful green knoll in which Deirdre lived, and he slept. The man was faint from hunger and wandering, and benumbed with cold, and a deep sleep fell upon him. When he lay down beside the green hill where Deirdre was, a troubled dream came to the man, and he thought that he enjoyed the warmth of a fairy broch, the fairies being inside playing music. The hunter shouted out in his dream, if there was any one in the broch, to let him in for the Holy One's sake. Deirdre heard the voice and said to her foster-mother: "O foster-mother, what is that?" "It is nothing of any consequence—merely the birds of the air astray and seeking each other. But let them go past to the bosky glade." A second troubled dream fell on the hunter, and he shouted out again if there was any one inside the broch, for the sake of the God of the Elements to let him in. "What is yonder?" said Deirdre. "It is nothing of any worth," said her foster-mother. "The birds of the wood have lost each other. But let them go past to the bosky glade." Thereupon a third dream fell upon the hunter, and he shouted a third time if there was any one in the broch, for the sake of the God of the Elements

to let him in, that he was benumbed with cold and worn out with hunger. "Oh, what is that, foster-mother?" said Deirdre. "You need not expect that there is anything yonder that will give you pleasure, my dear. What is there yonder but the birds of heaven lost to one another. But let them go past to the bosky glade. There is no shelter or house for them here." "Oh, foster mother, the bird asked to get inside for the sake of the God of the Elements, and you yourself tell me that anything that is asked in His name we ought to do. If you will not allow the bird that is being benumbed with cold, and done to death with hunger, to be let in, I do not think much of your language or your faith. But since I give credence to your language and to your faith, which you taught me, I will myself let in the bird." And Deirdre arose and drew the bolt from the leaf of the door, and she let in the hunter. She placed a seat in the place for sitting, food in the place for eating, and drink in the place for drinking for the man who came to the house. "Come now and eat meat; for you need it," said Deirdre. "Ay, indeed, I was in need of food, of drink, and warmth when I came to this hillock. But, may I not enjoy my life preserved, if they have not left me since I saw you." "Oh, life and raiment! you man that came in, what little restraint is there on your tongue?" said the old woman. "It is not a great thing for you to keep your mouth shut and your tongue quiet when you get a home and shelter of a hearth on a gloomy winter's night." "Well," said the hunter, "I may do that—keep my mouth shut and my tongue quiet, since I came to the house and received hospitality from you; but by the hand of thy father and grandfather, and by your own two hands, if some other of the people of the world saw this beauteous creature you have here hid away, they would not long leave her with you, I swear." "What men are these you refer to?" said Deirdre. "Well, I will tell you, young woman," said the hunter. "They are Naois, son of Uisnech, and Aillean and Ardan his two brothers." "What like are these men when seen, if we were to see them?" said Deirdre. "Well, that was the name and the surname that I ever saw or heard given them," said the hunter. "And the aspect and form of the men when seen are these: they have the colour of the raven on their hair, their skin like swan on

the wave in whiteness, and their cheeks as the blood of the brindled red calf, and their speed and their leap are as those of the salmon of the torrent and the deer of the grey mountain side. And Naois is head and shoulders over the rest of the people of Erin." "However they are," said the nurse, "be you off from here and take another road. And, King of Light and Sun! in good sooth and certainty, little are my thanks and my admiration for yourself or for her that let you in!"

The hunter went away. Shortly after he left, the man thought to himself that Connachar, King of Ulster, was lying down and rising up by himself without a word of cheering conversation or any intercourse at all. And were he to see this fair creature (drop of blood), it was likely that he would bring her home to his own house for himself, and he would himself gain thereby the king's good-will for telling him that there was such a girl on the dewy face of the earth. The hunter went straight to the palace of King Connachar. He sent word in to the king that he wished to speak to him if he pleased. The king answered the message and came out to speak to the man. "What is the reason of your journey?" said the king to the hunter. "I have only to tell you, O king," said the hunter, "that I saw the fairest creature (drop of blood) that ever was born in Erin, and I came to tell you of it." "Who is this beauty and where is she to be seen, when she was not seen before till you saw her, if you did see her?" "Well, I did see her," said the hunter. "But, if I did, no man else can see her unless he get directions from me as to where she is dwelling." "And will you direct me to where she dwells? and the reward of your directing me will be as good as the reward of your message," said the king. "Well, I will direct you, O king, although it is likely that this will not be what they want," said the hunter. "You will stay with my household to-night," said Connachar, "and I will go with you along with my men early in the morning to-morrow." "I will stay," said the hunter. And the hunter stayed that night in the household of King Connachar.

Connachar, King of Ulster, sent for his nearest kinsmen, such as the three sons of Ferchar Mac Ro, the sons of his father's brother, and he told them of his intent. Though early rose the

song of the birds mid the rocky caves and the music of the birds in the grove, earlier than that did Connachar, King of Ulster, arise, with his little troop of dear friends, in the delightful twilight of the fresh and gentle May ; the dew was heavy on each bush and flower and stem, as they went to bring Deirdre forth from the green knoll where she stayed. Many a youth was there who had a lithe leaping and lissom step when they started whose step was faint, failing, and faltering when they reached on account of the length of the way and roughness of the road. "Yonder, now, down in the bottom of the glen is the bothy where the woman dwells, but I will not go nearer than this to the old woman," said the hunter.

Connachar with his band of kinsfolk went down to the green knoll where Deirdre dwelt and he knocked at the door of the bothy. The nurse replied that neither answer or entry would be given to any one and she did not want anything to trouble her or her bothy. "Open, and you will get a better house than this when we go home," said Connachar. "I am," said the poor woman, "not seeking house or hall better than my own bothy, were I left there now in peace and quiet." "Open then," said Connachar getting wrathful, "and if you do not open willingly, you will have to open against your will." "No less than a king's command and a king's army could put me out of my bothy to-night. And I should be obliged to you," said the woman, "were you to tell who it is that wants me to open my bothy door." "It is I, Connachar, King of Ulster, and let the fact be no longer matter of doubt to you." When the poor woman heard who was at the door, she rose with haste and let in the king and all that could get of his retinue.

When the king saw the woman that was before him and whom he was in quest of, he thought he never saw in the course of the day nor in the dream of night a creature (drop of blood) so fair as Deirdre and he gave his full heart's weight of love to her. Nor he nor his men had any other object from the beginning to the end of the business but to carry her off with them on the very top of their shoulders, if she were unwilling. It was this that was done. Deirdre was raised on the topmost of the

heroes' shoulders and she and her foster mother were brought to the Court of King Connachar of Ulster.

With the love that Connachar had for her, he wanted to marry Deirdre right off there and then, will she nill she marry him. When her permission was asked on the matter, she would not consent at all—at all, inside or outside, she not having met earthly people till then. She did not know the duties of wife nor the custom of maidens, for she had not till then ever before sat in company and among people. She could not as much as sit on a chair from the cause that she never saw mankind till now. As Connachar was so strongly pressing marriage on Deirdre, she said to him that, if he gave her the respite of a year and a day, she would be obliged to him. He said he would grant her that, hard though it was, if she gave him her unfailing promise that she would marry him at the year's end. And she gave the promise. Connachar got for her a woman-teacher and merry modest maidens fair that would lie down and rise with her, that would play and speak with her. Deirdre was clever in maidenly duties and wifely understanding, and Connachar thought he never saw with bodily eye a creature that pleased him more.

Deirdre and her women companions were one day out on the hillock behind the house enjoying the scene, and drinking in the sun's heat. What did they see coming but three men a-journeying. Deirdre was looking at the men that were coming, and wondering at them. When the men neared them, Deirdre remembered the language of the huntsman, and she said to herself that these were the three sons of Uisnech, and that this was Naois, he having what was above the bend of the two shoulders above the men of Erin all. The three brothers went past without taking any notice of them, without even glancing at the young ladies on the hillock. What happened but that love for Naois struck the heart of Deirdre, so that she could not but follow after him. She trussed her raiment and went after the men that went past the base of the knoll, leaving her women attendants there, be they or be they not displeased. Ailleán and Ardan had heard of the woman that Connachar, King of Ulster, had with him, and they thought that, if Naois, their brother, saw her, he would have her himself, more especially as she was not

married to the King. They perceived the woman coming, and called on one another to hasten their step as they had a long distance to travel, and the dusk of night was coming on. They did so. She cried: "Naois, son of Uisnech, is it your intention to leave me?" "What cry was that I heard which is not well for me to answer, and which is not easy for me to refuse?" "It is nothing but the noise of Connachar's wild ducks," said the brothers. "But let us speed our feet and hasten our steps as we have a long distance to travel, and the dusk of the evening coming on." They did so. And they were extending the distance between them and her. Deirdre then cried: "Naois, son of Uisnech, is it your intention to leave me?" "What cry is in mine ear and struck my heart which is not well for me to answer, and which is not easy for me to refuse?" "Only the cry of the grey geese of Connachar," said the brothers. "But let us keep up our pace, as we have walking to do, and the darkness of night closing round us." They did so, and they were extending the space between them and her. Deirdre cried thereupon the third time: "Naois, Naois, Naois, son of Uisnech, is it your intention to leave me?" "What piercing, shrill cry is that—the most melodious my ear ever heard, and the shrillest that ever struck my heart of all the cries I ever heard?" "Is it anything else but the wail of the wave-swans of Connachar," said his brothers. "Yonder is the third cry of distress," said Naois, and he swore he would not go further until he saw from whom the cry came, and Naois turned back. Naois and Deirdre met, and Deirdre kissed Naois three times, and a kiss each to his brothers. With the confusion that she was in, Deirdre went into a crimson blaze of fire, and her colour came and went as rapidly as the movement of the aspen by the stream side. Naois thought he never saw a fairer creature (drop of blood), and Naois gave Deirdre the love that he never gave to thing, to vision, or to creature but to herself.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A SGEULACHD OF THE RANNOCH CAMERONS.

(Continued.)

BUT soon *Tigh-na-dige* and the vicinity became a scene of bustle and confusion in the work of preparing for the funeral of the children. One party went to the ship to fetch ashore the articles taken from Dunalastair; another prepared the dead bodies for decent interment; while a third, led by Struan and Marsali, proceeded to look out for a suitable burying-ground. At first it was proposed to dig a wide grave for the three on the spot where the massacre had taken place; but this, from the nature of the ground, was found to be impracticable. They then fixed on the site of the present graveyard as, although rather shallow, the nearest suitable place they could find to the scene of the tragedy; and in a short time and under a shower of snow which now fell and covered the face of nature as with a great winding sheet of white, Struan's men dug a wide grave for the reception of the murdered innocents of *Clach-nan-Ceann*.

When all things were ready, the solemn funeral procession started from *Tigh-na-dige* to the place of interment. Struan's men carried the bodies; and Struan and Marsali, and *Iain Biorach* and William followed as chief mourners. The three bodies were gently laid down side by side in the grave; and Struan having placed a man at each corner of the parcel of ground, now enclosed by a stone dyke, dedicated it to St. Michael in the following words:—

“ A Mhichael naoimh, ard-aingil threun,
An Cladh so coisrigeam dhuit fein
'S tu nis an Raineach cumail feil.

“ Chog thu 'n diugh le moran buaidl
An aghaidh spioradan na truaighe,
Is chuir thu air an dia'ul an ruaig.

“ O gleidh an Cladh so nis gu bràth,
Bho'n dia'ul 's a chumhachdan gach trath
Is dion gach corp an glaic a bhais.

“ Is gleidhidh mis' Marsail is a clann
Ga'n suidheach' anns a Chamghouran
Gu iomradh thoirt air *Clach-nan-Ceann*.

"Is cinnidh Cam'ronaich an Raineach,
Fo bhratach Shruain mar an Ceannard,
Mar chinn iad roimh so an Lochabair."

That is, freely rendered—

- "St. Michael thou Archangel great
This *Cladh* to thee I consecrate
Whilst thou in Rannoch hast thy fête.
"This day thou didst contend with might
Against bad spirits in a fight
And didst the devil put to flight."
"O keep this graveyard now for aye
From Satan and his powers each day,
And guard each *corpse* till Judgment Day.
"And I'll keep Marsail and her clan
And give them lands in Camghouran
To tell the tale of *Clach-nan-Ceann*.
"And Camerons shall in Rannoch grow
As in Lochaber times ago,
And shall 'neath Struan's banner go."

After these words Struan threw a handful of earth on the bodies; and his men, taking the hint, soon shovelled the soil over them, and finished off the grave with a neat covering of sod surmounted with large flat stones, as the then usual protection against wolves. Marsali, though deeply affected, bore this trying ordeal with a measure of outward decorum, which showed the remarkable strength and firmness of her character; but *Iain Biorach* fairly broke down when he saw the men covering his brothers with earth, and said, "Nach fhaic mi iad tuillidh, mhammaidh?" That is, "Shall I not see them any more, mammy?" "Bi samhach, Iainidh," arsa Marsalaidh; "tha do bhraithrean 'nis ann an neamh!" That is, "Be quiet, *Iainie*," said Marsali, "your brothers are now in heaven!"

William and Struan's men now proceeded to search for the body of *Iain*, who had been drowned in the net on the previous day. They soon recovered it; and, having carried it in solemn silence to *Tigh-na-dige*, they prepared it for interment. Another grave was opened in what was now known as *Cladh Mhichael*; a

* Supposed to refer to the battle of the flies that fought over the dead bodies, ut supra. See also St. Jude 9.

second funeral procession was formed from *Tigh-na-dige*; and the body of *Iain* was reverently laid in the tomb. Marsali, through sobs and tears, said, on seeing him lying in the grave:—

“ Iain, ged bha do bhas cho cruaidh
 ‘S math leam t’ fhaicinn ann an uaigh;
 ‘S bios so na chliu dhuit nis gu brath
 Gun robh thu caoinhneil rium’ mar bhrathair.”

That is, freely rendered—

“ Iain, although thy death was sad,
 To see thee in a grave I’m glad;
 And this will keep thee aye in mind
 That thou to me wast always kind.”

And after these words they filled in the grave with earth, and securely covered it with sod and stones like the other one.

But scarcely had the funeral obsequies of *Iain* been celebrated when Struan, turning his eyes towards the loch, observed a small skiff rowed by one man coming rapidly in their direction. It soon reached the land; and, when the funeral party crowded round it, they saw that it contained what proved to be the dead body of Ewen Cameron. The boatman said, addressing himself to the company:—

“ Mharbh Ardlarach ‘na fhearg
 Am fear so aig a *Chreagan Dhearg*;
 Ach b’ fhearr leis nis na moran òir
 Nach d’ chuir e bhiodag riamh na chòir;
 Oir tha droch spioradan a bha is
 Ga chuairteachadh a dh’ oidhche ‘s a là;
 Is dh’ iarr e los gum faigheadh e sìth
 An corp a chuir gu *Tigh-na-dige*.”

That is, freely rendered—

“ This man was slain at the Red Cliff
 By Ardlarich when in a huff;
 But now he does regret that work
 Of bloody vengeance with his dirk;
 For evil spirits from below
 By day and night around him go;
 And he, desiring peace to seek,
 Has sent the corpse to *Tigh-na-dige*.”

When Marsali recognised in the murdered man the defaced features of her late dear husband, she gave a loud shriek and

swooned away. The sudden appearance of Ewen's body, together with the cruel words of the boatman, had evidently proved too much for her, and she fell down quite unconscious on the beach. Struan called on the crowd to stand back, and said with much emotion, "Poor Marsali! was ever woman before now overtaken by so many calamities?" Here Margaret Robertson stepped forward and bathed her temples with cold water from Loch Rannoch, whereon Marsali soon came to herself, and having risen to a sitting position, said to the boatman:—

"Ged bhrist fear Ardlaraich mo chridhe
Cha'n eil mi diultadh dha-sa sith;
Ach chionn's gum bheil e fein gun iochd
Bios an da shealladh aig a shliochd;
Is eiridh Cam'ronaich an Raineach
Do'm bith an talann so na bheannachd."*

That is—

"Though Ardlarich has broke my heart,
I don't refuse to him my peace;
But, since he ruthless is himself,
His seed shall have the second sight;
And Camerons shall arise in Rannoch
To whom this gift shall be a blessing."

Ewen's body was now carried to *Tigh-na-dige*, where it was prepared for burial. A third grave was opened; a third funeral procession was formed from *Tigh-na-dige*; and, when the corpse was laid in the grave, Struan said:—

"Eoghain, shar-shealgair an t-Sliosghairbh
Nis sìneam thu am measg nam marbh;
Ach ged a tha do chorp gun deò
Tha d'anam shuas am measg nam beò;
Oir fhuair do Shlanuighear a' bhuaidh,
Is chuir e Michael 'ghleidh nan uamh;
Is bruchdaidh Cam'ronaich gu leoir
Bho'n chladh so air an Là Mhòr."

* It is a curious circumstance that during the last hundred and fifty years several members of the *Sliosmin* Camerons have been celebrated for having the faculty of "second sight;" and that tradition ascribes their possession of this gift to inter-marriages with the Macgregors of Ardlarich. It would seem the Camerons highly appreciate their strange and eerie power of discovering the world of spirits; for one of them, their Ceann-tighe, "speaks of it with the greatest reverence, and would almost rank as a blasphemer any who should speak of it disrespectfully."—See *Celtic Mag.*, Vol. XI., p. 332.

That is—

“ Ewen, choice hunter of *Shiosgarbh*,
I lay thee now amongst the dead ;
But though thy body lifeless lies
Thy soul's on high amongst the living ;
For thy Saviour hath gotten the victory
And sent down Michael to protect the graves ;
And Camerons plenty shall burst forth
From this graveyard on the Great Day.”

After these words had been pronounced, they filled Ewen's grave with earth, trimmed it with sod, and secured it with stones like the other ones—Struan all the while remaining uncovered—and Marsali deriving what comfort she could from the honours thus paid to the remains of him whom she had loved more than any other on earth.

Having duly performed their last offices of kindness to the dead, the funeral party partook of a hastily prepared repast ; and when Struan had arranged to leave behind him at *Tigh-na-dige* not only Margaret Robertson, but also her two brothers, Duncan and Donald, who were amongst his retainers, he bade them farewell, and having given a cordial invitation to Marsali and William to pay him a visit at Dunalastair, he went aboard ship with his remaining twelve men, and was soon sailing on his way towards Kinloch Rannoch.

“ Chaidh 'n long air ais gu Ceann-loch-Raineach
'S i giulan Struain mar a ceannard ;
Is 'nuair a rainig es' an Dùn
Bha chliu cho airde ri Sichallion ;
Oir chruinnich moran luchd na duthch'
Chuir failt' is furan airsa dhachaidh,
'Sa dhinnseadh dha gun lean e dlu
Ri shinnsearan an cuise Mharsail ;
Is ghuil á bhain-tighearn ghradhach chiuin
'Nuair choinnich i e air an starsaich,
'S le pòg thubhairt ise 'S tu mo rùn,
Mo Shruan leis a chridhe fharsainn.
'S mòr an t-aoibhneas thar gach-saoibhreas
Bh'ac an oidhch' sin anns a bhaile ;
Oir 's milis glòir an duine mhor
Tra mheasar coir e air an talamh.”

That is—

“ The ship went back to Kinloch Rannoch,
Bearing Struan as her Captain ;
And when he went up to the Mount
His fame as high was as Schiehallion ;

For many in the country gathered
To bid him cordial welcome home,
And tell him that he followed close
His ancestors in Marsail's cause.
And his calm lovely lady wept
On meeting him upon the threshold,
And with a kiss she said ' My love,
My Struan with the heart of wideness.'
Great was the joy beyond all riches
They had that night throughout the place ;
For sweet's the glory of the man of might
When he is reckoned worthy here on earth."

After Struan's departure from *Tigh-na-dige*, Marsali and Willim tried to shew every kindness and attention to the strangers who were left with them. The latter, however, insisted that Marsali should abstain from all work, and that they should be allowed to make themselves generally useful. Accordingly they set to work with right good will ; and in a short time they removed so far as possible, all traces of the tragedy, and tidied up everything in the house. Supper was prepared ; and they sat down in due form, Marsali presiding at the head of the table, and, in her own quiet dignified manner, doing the honours of the house. The conversation at first laboured under the restraint which the solemn sadness of the occasion rendered inevitable ; but Marsali, though herself sick at heart, made an effort to infuse cheerfulness into the company ; and social talk went the round somewhat more freely. The two Robertson men talked of the power and greatness of Struan ; and that he was one of the few in Rannoch who could do noble and generous deeds. Margaret Robertson spoke of Lady Struan as even more than Struan himself—a beautiful specimen of what was gentlest and best in human nature. " Without the influence and example of these two," said she, " Rannoch would sink under the weight of its own lawlessness and crime." " May God bless them," said Marsali, " for their goodness ; and may He bless you for being admirers, and, it is to be hoped, imitators of their goodness !" She then repeated the old proverb :—

" Mhuinntir chi maith am muinntir eile
Is iadsa 'ni maith do gach a cheile."

That is—

" 'Tis those that see good in other people
That will do good to one another."

The conversation now turned to the subject of William's proposed departure next morning for Lochaber. Marsali said that for her own part she should prefer him not to go ; because, if the tragedy should be reported to Lochiel, this would still further intensify the feud betwixt the Camerons and the Mackintoshes, and so be the means of spreading more bloodshed and strife throughout the land, which state of things she abhorred with all the sensitiveness of a tender-hearted woman. She said—

“ Ged chlaoidh iad mis 'an *Tigh-na-dige*,
Cha'n eil mir dhioghaltais am chridhe,
Ach tha mo mhiann an deigh na sith.”

That is, freely rendered—

“ Though here they have me sore oppressed,
I bear no vengeance in my breast,
But my desire's for peace and rest.”

But no sooner had she uttered these words than “Strone,” who had been lying beneath the table, sprang to his feet, and, raising up his nose till the lower part of his head was in a line with his neck and breast, he gave three long-continued and weird howls as if he were seeing something that troubled him ; and William, also trembling as if under the influence of some super-human agency, said :—

“ Chi mi cuig spioradan mu'n cuairt ;
Is tanasg Eoghain 'gam bhagairt cruaidh,
Gum feum air mhochrath mi bhi triall
Le sgeul a chasgairt gu Lochiall.”

That is, freely rendered—

“ I see five spirits in the air ;
And Ewen's ghost, with threatening stare,
Says, I at dawn must go to tell
This tale of murder to Lochiel.”

When William uttered those words they were all struck dumb with astonishment ; and Marsali was more especially impressed with the solemn feeling that the tragedy in which she had hitherto been so deeply involved was not yet played out, but that still further developments of it were in store for the future. They retired to rest under a sense of a nearness to the world of spirits which was positively oppressive ; and before daybreak William was up out of bed and pensively walking along on his way to Lochaber.

During William's absence, which extended over more than ten weeks, the stream of life in *Tigh-na-dige*, in so far as the altered circumstances of the case permitted, returned to its normal course. It is true Marsali continued to mourn for her dear husband and children; but, being a woman of piety and good sense, she endeavoured meekly to submit herself to the will of a Higher Power, and to centre her affections and hope on poor, little *Iain Biorach*, who was left to her as a bird escaped from the net of the fowler. Then Margaret Robertson was a great help and comfort to her. The kindness of this young woman both to herself and to her boy was unceasing—and fully justified Marsali's original expectation when she said she received her as an angel sent to minister to her. The two Robertson brothers went out to hunt daily in the Black Wood.

SIGMA.

(To be continued.)

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

VII.

COLONEL DUNCAN MACPHERSON of Cluny, grandfather of the present chief, died at Cupar-Fife in 1817. His birth took place in the troublous years which succeeded the Battle of Culloden. Cluny Castle had been burned down; his father was closely pursued among the mountain fastnesses of Laggan, and his mother, the Lady of Cluny, daughter of Lord Lovat, had sought refuge in a hut which stood near the blackened ruins of her old home. Here it was that the subject of the following elegy was ushered into the world; and hence the sobriquet—Dunnach na h-Ath—which was popularly applied to him. Upon his father's death, Government granted him the ancestral estates of his family, which had been confiscated. Afterwards, in accordance with the wise and generous policy which was then adopted in regard to those who *had been* Jacobites, Cluny was offered, and accepted, a commission in His Majesty's service. In 1798, he married his

second cousin, Catherine Cameron, daughter of Sir Ewen of Fassifearn, and sister to the heroic Colonel John Cameron, who fell at Quatre-Bras. Upon Cluny's death, the elegy, which I give below, was composed by Duncan Fraser, Balgown; and is throughout intended to express the personal feelings of the bereaved lady. Long afterwards she was laid in her husband's grave in the little burying-ground close to the Cluny Burn. There, after a long, beneficent, and honourable career, were laid, amid general grief, the remains of that "infant heir" to whom the bard so affectingly points in his closing stanza, seeing "dawning conquest play around his head," and desiring that he may "emulate the glories of his race." There, within a short year, was another open grave. She who had been Lady of Cluny for over fifty years had passed away, leaving behind her a name associated with all the graces of a noble and devout woman. And, there too, still more recently, was consigned to the dust another Colonel Duncan of Cluny, who, by his illustrious conduct in many lands, well maintained the fame of his house. Eheu Eheu!

O! gur mis' th' air mo sgaradh,
'S cha -n è 'n t-Earrach a liath mi,
Ach na chaill mi an Cupar,
'S mòr mo dhiùbhail 'ga iargainn.
Chaill mi deagh fhear-an-tighe,
Ceannard cheatharn is chiadan,
'S tric a bhunaich an latha,
An àm catha 'ga dhioladh.

Nam b'ann an sabaid na 'n carraid,
Chaidh do ghearradh cho luath bhuainn,
'S lionar bratach bhiodh sgaoilte,
Agus faobhar 'g am fuasgladh;
Bhiodh Mac Shimidh na h-Aird ann,
'S Cloinn Chamarain a' chruadail,
Mar ri Toisich is Granndaich,
Mu 'm biodh annran na gruaim ort.

Do chinneadh féin Clann Mhuirich,
Bhiodh iad uile gu 'd òrdugh,
Fearail, treun, ascaoin, fuileach,
Sud na curaidh' nach sòradh,
'Dol ri aodainn a' chatha,
Claidh' leathann 'nan dòrn-san,"
Ann an aobhar mac d'athar
'S iad gun athadh gun sòradh.

'Nuair sgaoileadh tu d' bhratach,
Dh' éireadh feachd an Taobh-tuath leat,
Tha e soilleir ri fhaicinn,
Chite cat ann na gruaig-se ;
Dh' éireadh leat-sa buaidh-làrach,
'Nuair bhiodh càch air an ruaigeadh,
Fàth mo mhulaid ri aithris,
Thu bhi 'n drasda fo 'n fhuar lic.

Dh' éireadh sud ann do thional,
Mìle fear agus plobair,
Dol fo smachd do crois-tàra,
'Nuair bhiodh d' àrdan a' dìreadh,
Sud na curaidh gun sgàth,
'N àm gabhdair' 'ga dhioladh,
Dh' fhàgadh cuirp air an làraich,
Fuil fàsgadh 's i sloladh.

Marcaich' treun nan each uaibhreach,
Ann an cruadal na 'n gabhdair,
An geall-ruith na leum,
Bu leat féin am buaidh-làrach.
S math thig ad agus cleòc dhuit,
Mar ri bòtan 's spuir airgid,
Bu léin'-crios do Rìgh Deòrs' thu,
'N àm chomhdach' nam fear-ghleus.

Rìgh ! bu mhath thig dhuit seasamh,
An lathair seisean na binne,
A' chumail a' cheartais,
'S a' chur as do luchd mhi-ruin.
Bu cho chinnte leum d' fhacal,
'S ged a ghlaiste le h-*ink* e,
Leam is cinnte do dhachaidh,
Ann am Flathais na fìrinn.

Tha do bhaile gun smuid de,
E gun sunnd gun cheòl-gàire,
Tha na dorsan ann dùinte,
Cha n-eil sìurd ann mar b' àbhuist ;
'S bochd leam gaoir do chuid tuath',
Mar threud fuadan am fàsach,
Cò bith fear ni am bualadh,
Cò a thuainigeas càs dhaibh.

Bha 'fhasan dha d' theaghlach,
'Bhi gu graoineachail, pàirteach,
Uasal, cinneadail, caoimhneil,
Mor-sgoinn do luchd dànachd.

Céir a' lasadh an coinnleirean,
'S fhaide oidhch' aig do cheatharnaich,
'S iad 'gòl air flon daithte,
As na casgaichean deur-làn.

Gheibhte sud ann do chlobhs',
Fonn plob agus clarsaich,
Mac-talla 'g am freagairt,
Fuaim fheadan gun àireamh.
'N uair sgaoileadh tu d' bhratach.
Chite cat ann gu h-arda,
'S 'n uair a dh' fhaicte a mach i,
Gum bu leats am buaidh-làrach.

Cha téid mise gu coinneamh,
Là Nolluig na Samhna,
'S cha téid mi measg cuideachd,
'S ann a shuidheas mi 'n aon àit,
Bho nach tigeadh an Tighearn,
'S e bhi rithisd na shlainge,
Cha bhiodh feum air an lighich,
'S bhiodh sinn dithisd dhe sàbhailt'.

Cha b' e crionach na coille,
Bha 'san doire 'san d' fhàs thu,
Ach na gallanan priseil,
Fhuair dìreadh gu 'n àilgheas.
Mur gearrt' iad, cha sniomht' iad,
Gus an spionna gu làr iad,
Craobh na chuillonn nach crionadh,
'S ioma freumh bha gu 'n àrach.

An Tigh Chluainidh nam bratach,
Bithidh gach aiteal mar b' àbhuist,
Tha a' ghrian oirn a' soillseadh,
'S tha an t-oighre an làthair.
Oighre dligheach an fhearainn,
Tha 'na leanabh an dràsda,
Saoghal buan an deagh bheatha,
An àit d' athar gu bràth duit.

The Duke of Gordon's baron-bailie who wielded the awful jurisdiction of *furcum et fossa* in Badenoch, resided at Ruthven. Here was a court-house, a prison, an inn, a school, a market stance. Close at hand, once stood the great feudal castle, where the Murrays, the Comyns, and the Stewarts held an all-but-regal sway. This in time gave place to the Government barracks, whose ugly ruins are still with us, but have, fortunately, no claim to antiquity. Near Lochan-an-tairbh—an ominous locality—Tom-

na-croich is pointed out, where the grim machinery of *pit and gallows* remained far on into last century. An old gentleman—the Duke of Gordon's last baron-bailie in the country—retained until his dying day a vivid recollection of the creaking chain which had terrified him as a schoolboy. At Ruthven resided the redoubtable Mr. Blair, who was minister of Kingussie for three-score years. One of his elders was Duncan Mackay—*Dunnach-Gobha*—Ardbroileach, author of the well-known elegy on the Loss of Gaick, and also, I have reason to believe, of both the accompanying poems. The first is an ode of very considerable merit, in celebration of James Stewart, who appears to have been baron-bailie about the year 1760. We learn that he had fallen into financial difficulties and had gone abroad; and that his return was eagerly desired by the Badenoch people, among whom he had been exceedingly popular. Giorsal was his sister.

Beir mo shoraidh so bhuam,
Gu-m beil doran is gruaim orm féin,
Tre mo dhlochain 's gach uair,
Air an iarlach ghlan, uasal, réidh,
Dha'm beil onoir mo chleòc,
'S e gun sgarm, gun bhòsd, gun bhréig,
Ris an earbainn mo chluain,
Ged bhiodh ceannsgalach sluaigh mu 'sgéith.

An tigh geal 'sam biodh 'n fhuaim,
'S na clàir mhear air am buailt an teud,
Le ceòl farumach, cruaidh,
Na meòir gheal a bu luaith' 'sa chléir,
Air an tarruing bho d' chluais,
Mhic na maise ! mo thruaigh an té,
Ghabhas beachd air do shnuadh,
S' nach fhaigh dhachaidh thu buan dhi féin.

'Bhàrr air maise gun uail,
Gabh do chleachdainnibh suairce féin,
Sàr-bhall seirc an dith gruaidh !
'S tearc ri fhaicinn do luach air féill.
Tha cùl buidh' ort mar òr,
Air an suidhich bean-og a spéis,
Taobh do chleamhnas air chòir,
'S gheibh thu airgid is òr gun déidh.

'S beag an t-ioghna leam òr,
A bhi sinte ri mòisean oèil,
Aig an sinnsir bu chòir,
'Bhi 'g òl flon air a' bhòrd ru 'chéir.

Fuil an Rìgh 's Mhic-an-Tòisich,
Air an lìnigeadh beò 'n ad chré,
'S tha thu dìleas do'n t-seòrs',
Cho glan, sìoladh, 's tha'm feoil fo 'n ghréin.

S nam faigheadh Giorisal bho'n stòl,
Fear a lìonadh a cleòc 's gach ceum,
Bu sgiath e air mòd,
Chuireadh srian ann an sròn luchd-beud.
Fear a thogadh a sunnd—
Mar nach lìonar na duthaich féin—
A lìonadh a suil,
'S fear e mìle dha'n lùb a' gheug.

'S fhir mu 'n ionndraich mi n tús,
'S leathan, lìonar, do chùl ri feum.
'S truagh gun rian air do chùl,
'S d' airgid deant' aig an Diùc gun fheum :
Ruathainn sgriobhta bho 'ghrunnd,
Tighinn gu cìs gu d' dhuthaich féin ;
Agus Rìgh oirn as ùr,
'S bhiodh gach nì Sheumais Stiùbhairt réidh.

The elegy with which I conclude this paper is said to have been composed on a member of the Balnespick family, who was drowned at sea. He had sprung from an excellent stock. The last Mackintosh of *Balnespick* resident in Badenoch was tacksman of the whole Barony of Dunachton. He was a person of great consideration and influence, being held in high esteem by all classes. I am informed that all his sons went to India.

S mòr fuir na gaoithe,
Fad an t-saoghail gu léir,
'Ghaoth thàinig Di-h-aoine,
'S i chaochail mo sgeul.
Dh' fhàg i aobhar nan ochan,
Aig luchd nam portaibh gu léir,
Air fad Eirinn is Bhreatunn,
Bha 'n èigh-creach ann 'ga sheinn.

Ach aon duin' tha mi 'gearain,
Dhe na chaillear 'sa chuan,
Cha bhiodh mo chlann-sa gun charaid,
Nam bu mhairinn e buan.
Ach a' Rìgh Mhòir nan aingeal !
Glac an anam-sa suas,
Na leig orm do ainiochd,
Bi gu trocaireach tairis ri d' shluagh.

Ubh! Ubh! a dhaoine!
 Nach aobhar smuaineach' is bròin,
 An ti a dh' fhalbh bhuainn Di-h-aoine,
 Sìghail, aotrom gu leòir,
 A' bhi 'n innis nam faochag,
 'S nach faodar dhe 'chòir.
 'S ioma ni tha tha cuir aois oirn,
 'S ioma caochladh tighinn oirn.

Tha do bhràithrean 's do phiùthar,
 Tròm, dubhach, fo bhròn,
 'S iad a chaoidh 'ga do chumhadh,
 'S cha bhi iad subhach ri 'm beò.
 Tha do chinneadh mòr, làidir,
 Tròm cràiteach gach lò,
 Bho 'n a chual' iad gu-n d' bhàit' thu,
 An cuan bàrcach nan seòl.

Ach 's truagh nach mise bha làimh riut,
 Mu 'n do sgàin i fo bhòrd,
 'S nan robh tìr faisg air làimh oirn,
 Dheanainn d' shàbhaladh beò.
 'S tha do chinneadh gu h-iomlan,
 Fo imcheist, làn bròin,
 Mu do bhi anns an luma dheirg,
 Measg uile-bhiast is ròn.

Dh' fhalbh Iob le 'chuid mhacaibh,
 Le 'uile bheartas is nì,
 'S rinn e aodach a shracadh,
 'S splon e 'm falt bhàrr a chinn,
 Laigh e slos air an oidhch',
 'S thubhairt e, "'S coisrigt' an Tì,
 A thug dhomh gach nì taitneach,
 'S ghabh air ais bhuam e ris."

Thug e treis ann am bochdainn,
 'Na chulaidh-fhochaid 'san tìr,
 Gun neach 'theòraicheadh 'fhocal,
 Na bheireadh deoch dha 'se tinn;
 Ach as sin fhuair e urram,
 Bho gach duine dhiubh ris,
 'S chinn e 'n stòras gun chumadh,
 'S fhuair e oighribh, urram, is miadh.

The expressions, "*innis nam faochag*," and "*cuan bàrcach nan seòl*," are particularly happy. The reference to Job is characteristic of the period. This patriarch was a favourite of the bards of the eighteenth century. Many of their illustrations were drawn from his history.

T. S.

SOME STORIES ABOUT WITCHES.

“CHA TIG OLC A TEINE”—‘NO EVIL COMES OUT OF FIRE.’

THE principle upon which our forefathers went in the burning of witches is well expressed in the Gaelic proverb, “Cha tig olc a teine”—“No evil can come out of fire,” and it was in connection with, and in illustration of, the following witch story that we first heard this proverb applied. “Creibh Mhor,” whose name is still known in tradition, was the last witch that was burnt at Inverness, and the event appears to have occurred about the beginning of last century. Our story is not about “Creibh Mhor” herself, but about a contemporary of hers—one of the last witches burnt in the town. After the ordinary trial and condemnation, the witch was brought to the Castle Hill; there she was placed in the middle of a pyre, and tied to a stake. The pyre was set on fire, for no evil could come out of fire, as the proverb said. The flames and the smoke began to wrap round the witch, and she cried to the people around for charity’s sake to give her a mouthful of water to slake her dying thirst. Instantly some good-hearted person rushed off, got the water, and was going to give it to the witch, when a “wise” man stopped the person and asked what the water was for. He was told it was for the witch. The “wise” man took the vessel and emptied the water out on the earth. When the witch saw that her hopes were dashed to the ground in every sense of the term, she abandoned herself to despair and maledictions. “Well,” said she, “had I got that mouthful of water, I would have turned Inverness into a peat bog!” So by a slight accident Inverness was saved.

MOR BHAN—FAIR SARAH.

There lived in Assynt, not so long ago, two noted witches, and this is how they became proficient in the black art. In their youth they were two of the handsomest girls in the whole country-side, but it came to pass that they both fell in love with the same young man. One day, as they were working together in the fields, the young man passed by on the high road. “Yon is my lad,” said one of the girls. “No,” said the other, “he is

my lad." And straightway they quarrelled, and then proceeded to blows and scratches. They pulled handfuls of each other's hair out, and one cried, as she threw the hair up in the air, for witchcraft; and, if she did, so also did the other. Henceforth both were, or were reputed, witches. Of the two, Mòr Bhan was the most noted. She had fresh fish, the neighbours noticed, any time she chose; she had milk and butter and cheese when none else in the place had any—for witches, we should know, could get milk out of the couplings that keep up the roof-tree of the house, or they might divert the milk of their neighbours' cows to themselves.

HER SON'S BREAKFAST.

It happened that her son—afterwards a soldier in the Peninsular war—got one day fresh herrings for breakfast, and he wondered very much where they could have come from, as the weather was so stormy that no one ventured to go to sea. He asked his mother where she got them, but all she said was, "Never you mind where I got them; just you eat them." When he took his seat at the table, he asked with closed eyes a blessing on the meal of which he was going to partake. Opening his eyes after the grace, he saw on his plate, not herrings at all, but horse dung! His mother's magic power had changed the horse dung to herrings, but the invocation of the Blessed Name restored them to their prior and natural condition. The young man understood how matters were; he left the house in disgust and fear, never more to return.

SHE MUZZLES THE WIND.

It was Ulysses or Æneas or somebody classical that got, for his home voyage, from the wind-god, all the adverse winds tied up in a bag, which was unfortunately opened by the curiosity or cupidity of his companions. We have had more than one wind-god or Aeolus in the Highlands. Mòr Bhan was one. Some fishermen from the Farr district were in Assynt with their boat fishing or something. They could not get away home owing to contrary winds. They bethought them of Mòr Bhan and her witchcraft, and one of them went to her with a present and a prayer for favourable weather to make their homeward voyage. She came down to the boat in person and told them to hoist sail. On this

being done she took a hold of the sheet rope and put three knots on it. She then told them when they went out to sea to untie one of the knots and they would get a favourable wind, and, if they wished for a still better wind, they might untie the second knot, but on no account were they to untie the third knot till they were safely ashore in their native place. They were not long in getting home, for, sure enough, by doing as they were directed they got favourable winds. One of the men, however, who attended to the sheet, wished to discover the consequences if the third knot was untied. When they came within fifty yards of the shore, this fellow secretly and unknown to the rest let slip the knot, when presto! he disappeared. When the boat came to shore, he could not be found; they searched the boat to see if he was lying asleep in any corner, but they could not find him, and yet they had seen him only a minute or two before. The thing was most puzzling. The men went home, but, when they returned next day, they found the man's body about fifty yards from shore; and, connecting his fate with the mystery of the rope, they concluded that he was punished for disobeying Mor Bhan's orders.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A propos to the unveiling at Aberfeldy of the Monument to the Forty-Second, the following anecdote, which is vouched for as authentic, is related of the Rev. John Maclean, minister of Grandtully, the worthy chaplain of the committee. When they were collecting subscriptions for this monument, it was thought that Mr. Maclean was the most suitable person to send to *Kennard Lodge* to solicit a contribution from the *Comte de Paris* who rented the shootings of that place. The reverend gentleman duly called at the shooting box, rang the bell, and, having been ushered in by the waiter, was presented to the secretary, to whom he modestly explained the nature of his mission, and expressed a request that he would be so good as to present the subscription book to the Comte. The secretary very politely took the book and went with it to his master's chamber. In a short time, however, he returned and said, "The *Comte de Paris* sends his compliments to the Rev. Monsieur Maclean, and requests to be informed, what has the Forty-Second Regiment ever done for France?" Mr. Maclean said, "Go back and tell him that the Forty-Second Regiment helped to place Louis the Eighteenth on the throne of France at Waterloo!" The secretary went with this reply, and came back smiling, with two sovereigns to help the monument!

THE above anecdote affords an excuse for introducing the Minister of Grandtully to our readers as a man deserving of being better known to Highlanders in general than, on account of his unassuming disposition, he is. The late Principal Shairp of St.

Andrews regarded Mr. Maclean as one of the most accomplished Gaelic scholars in the Highlands, and invariably consulted him on all Celtic matters in which he took an interest. Dr. Alexander Laing, the learned and genial author of "*Lindores and its Abbey*," has a similarly high opinion of Mr. Maclean's Celtic acquirements, as well as of his wonderful sagacity as a philologist. Accordingly the Doctor and his friend wrought "hand and glove" in the production of that learned work recently printed for private circulation on the Topography of Breadalbane. Mr. Maclean last winter delivered a lecture on his visit to Iona, which his Fifeshire friends who had accompanied him were at the expense of printing. It is a fine specimen of his "*Tranquil Erudition*" and of that sweet contemplative sympathy he manifests with the work of the early founders of Christianity in Scotland. Amongst the ancient Culdee Saints he revels with delight; and of those of them connected with Perthshire he knows more than probably any other man living. Mr. Maclean is an earnest and evangelical preacher, with a beautiful train of quiet imagery illustrating the great truths of the Gospel—a preacher that grows on one. It is probably because he is more solid than flashy that he has never received promotion from the *quoad sacra* Parish of Grandtully, which was endowed by his energy and perseverance, and where he is a little king amongst his own attached people.

SCOTTISH subscribers and readers of the *Gaelic Journal* have long given up the hope of ever seeing another number of it. Indeed most of them have not been able to get their second volume completed. But we are glad to inform them that the *Gaelic Journal* still lives, and is likely to live. Up till August of 1884, it appeared monthly with great regularity. It had then reached its 20th number, and was beginning to show signals of distress. In the next two years the remaining four numbers necessary to complete the second volume made their appearance. Financial and other difficulties were the cause of this. For the *Journal* was excellently got up, and mostly printed in the Irish type, much to the annoyance of its Scottish readers. The 24th number announced that difficulties had been so far tided over, and that trial would be made of publishing the *Journal* quarterly, at half its old size, with a yearly subscription, including postage, of half-a-crown. Nos. 25 and 26 have already appeared this year, and we hope the work may continue and prosper so far as to bring it back to its old standard of excellence. We cannot disguise to ourselves the fact that these last two numbers are inferior, not merely in size, for that was to be expected, but they are inferior also in matter to the old numbers. The last number is too recriminatory, and recrimination is the bane of Celtic Literature. We may, however, expect it soon to come back to the excellence of its first two volumes, for the editor has plenty material to hand, he says—folk-lore, songs, proverbs, etc. We may offer two criticisms. We think the lessons in Irish may well be dropped as mere waste of space; and, again, why should the Irish type be still made use of? It is forbidding and troublesome to outsiders, it is expensive, and it is not necessarily more national than the ordinary Roman type. What is it but the Roman cursive hand of the 5th and 6th centuries projected to the position of independent, self-standing letters?

THE Maeatae of the third century and the Miathi of Adamnan have been a source of trouble to historians. The writer who reviewed in the *Northern Chronicle* our articles on the Picts, and who evidently knows the subject well, has pointed out that the name Maeatae still remains in Methven, a fact which at least fixes their position. He says:—"We have no doubt the Caledonians of Tacitus were Picts, or substantially the ancestors of the Picts of Bede and Adamnan's days. Had Adamnan chosen

to prefer history to miracles, he could have explained the whole Pictish mystery in a short chapter. The conquest or acquiescence of Pictland by Kenneth the son of Alpin did not destroy the Pictish people. It only superinduced a Gaelic aristocracy, Gaelic became the Court and cloister language—in the latter, side by side with Latin—but the Pictish people still formed the bulk of the population. Where is the proof of that? In the fact that the Pictish law of inheritance through the spindle side, struggled strongly against the Gaelic law of inheritance by male descent till the death of Macbeth. We may mention in passing, that the *Mæatae* of the time of Severus, 208 A.D., have left a trace of their name behind them. Methven near Perth is *Mæany* in Gaelic, and the long moor behind is *Sliabh-Mhæany*. It is probable that when the Emperor Severus invaded the country, the Caledonians were divided into two Kingdoms, as the Picts were afterwards."

PROFESSOR MACKINNON is delivering, in connection with his Celtic Class in Edinburgh, a series of Monday lectures on "Place Names and Personal Names in Argyle." The lectures are, fortunately for the public at large, published in instalments in the *Scotsman*. We have seen five instalments of the series, and can testify to their excellence. Nothing of like scholarship and research has ever yet been done in connection with Highland topography; for the learned Professor does not confine himself merely to Argyle; it is only a centre around which he groups his arguments and examples. His first article deals with the names given in Ptolemy and Adamnan, and of course with the general names for Scotland, Britain and the like. In the next he treats of the early native names for the people and the places, such as *Gaidheal*, *Gall*, and *Scot*. In the third article, the Professor deals with some philological considerations, with sounds, composition, and accent; the oldest forms of the words must be got and the oldest forms of the language considered in unravelling them. The fourth article deals with the general terms for places as existing in Welsh, Irish, and Gaelic, such as the names for land, sea, river, pool, and such. The fifth article, which is, on the whole, the best, explains to what an extent the dative case was used in place names, thus clearing up the difficulties that hung round such forms as *Cin-* or *Cinn-* (Eng. *Kin*, *Kintyre*) instead of the nominative *Ceann*. He discusses also other old inflexional forms that still exist in place names. Altogether the articles ought to be a turning point in the study of the Gaelic topography of this country.

WHILE referring to the subject of topography, we must not omit to mention Mr. Carmichael's two contributions to late numbers of the *Geographical Magazine* on the "Place-Names of Iona." They are written with all Mr. Carmichael's wealth of "illustration" and tinged with that poetic feeling which he knows how to infuse into dry details of geology and etymology. He thinks that Iona was joined to the mainland by a low narrow neck of land when it received its name, and that this neck of land gave its name to the island. Such an isthmus is called *aoi* in Gaelic, and hence the *I* of *I-Cholumchille*. Mr. Carmichael shows how other islands and isthmuses all over the west coast support his theory by their geological history and by their names. But he must reckon with Prof. Mackinnon on philological points, for the Professor goes over this very subject of *aoi* and the isthmuses in his last article on Argyleshire place names. The Professor is inclined to think that *aoi* is the Norse *eid* borrowed. Anyway, no person interested in Gaelic topography can afford to overlook Mr. Carmichael's facts and arguments.